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THE PROBLEM OF THE ADEQUATE.

Our attention was called not long ago to a programme outlined for an afternoon session of a woman's club in a certain Western city. It was evident that this organization was inspired with a praiseworthy ambition to assimilate the whole of culture within as brief a period as possible, and to demonstrate that art, in spite of the ancient dictum, was not so very long after all. "A Resumé of Greece" was to be the general subject of the afternoon's entertainment, and the special subjects of Greek politics, literature, philosophy, and art were to

be considered in essays extensive enough, presumably, to occupy ten or fifteen minutes each in the reading. Two songs and a recitation were to relieve the strain of a too protracted concentration of thought upon themes so serious, and the audience was to depart in edified mood, cheerfully prepared to make similar *resumés* of Rome and France and England in the near future.

Such attempts to compass culture without any real effort are being made all over this country by thousands of literary clubs, and Chautauqua circles, and other organizations of earnest people banded together for purposes of self-improvement. The illustration of this sort of intellectual stir which we have given above is doubtless an extreme one, but it serves us all the better for that, since it brings into a clearer light the typical features of a tendency which is well advised in its aims, if hardly in its methods, and which, if but wisely directed, might do much for the advancement of our intellectual life. It is well to acquire a little knowledge of even the largest subject, if only the acquisition be made in a properly humble spirit, and without self-delusion. One's own horizon must not be taken for the boundary of thought, but rather as a narrow circumscription marked out from the infinite, to be widened with every addition to one's own intellectual elevation. A little learning is not a dangerous thing unless it create a mood of smug self-sufficiency, thereby deadening the life that it ought rather to stimulate to a larger growth.

The varied extensions of intellectual activity so characteristic of our age have made short cuts to knowledge an absolute necessity even for scholars of the most serious purpose. No earlier period can show anything comparable to the present-day production of manuals, and compendiums, and condensed surveys, and elementary monographs in series. These books, which both in numbers and in quality outdo everything of the sort produced in earlier periods, are the outcome of a genuine need, and offer the older ideal of culture its only possible defence against the swelling flood of specialization. The day has long passed when a man could hope to take all knowledge for his province, and the scholars of towering intellectual stature who, from Bacon to Humboldt, dominated the thought of their respective epochs,

belong to a hopelessly vanished race. Mr. Herbert Spencer probably comes as near as anyone now living to that old-time ideal, but the weak places in his intellectual armor are made evident enough when tested by the searching scholarship of the modern specialized type. Yet men are loth to give up altogether the wide prospect of an earlier time, and our books of condensed science make it possible for a scholar of to-day to learn all that a Humboldt could have known, and more, with a far greater economy of effort in the acquisition.

We have, then, no quarrel with the book which deals upon a small scale with a great subject, provided its writer have the authority and the literary art needful for the performance of his task. Professor Freeman used to say that the only way to write a small book was to write a big one first and then condense it: a procedure which he applied with great success to the history of the Norman Conquest. Mr. Stopford Brooke's small manual of English literature will occur to many minds as an admirable example of the proper treatment of a great theme within narrow limits. The literature of the essay affords excellent illustrations of the same sort of achievement. There are essays by such men as Walter Pater, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Frederick Myers, which are entirely adequate to their subjects, and produce the impression of exhaustive treatment although the number of their pages is small. This does not mean that they say all that there is to say, but rather that, given their limits, they say the most important things in the most felicitous way possible. To introduce a metaphor, we may remark that a narrow stream will suffice to carry a great volume of water to the sea if only the channel be well embanked, and the current restrained from spreading aimlessly abroad.

The thesis may indeed be maintained that it is theoretically possible to treat fittingly of any subject within any limits, however contracted, provided one has a proper sense of the perspective of ideas, and does not bring into a brief discussion such matters of detail as would be out of place in anything less than a whole history. This is not a plea for the ingenuous amateur who attempts to write about "Nature" or "History" or "The Aim of Life" in a thousand words, or the innocent college graduate who, during the few minutes allotted to the delivery of his commencement part, discourses upon the destinies of nations or the enlightening mission of genius. But it does justify the master of a subject in the work of

selection and arrangement whereby the ripest fruits of his enormous intellectual toil are brought within the compass of an essay or a book of pocketable dimensions. When the really great writers devote only a few pages or even words to the consideration of some vast theme we do not complain that their treatment is inadequate, but accept thankfully their gifts. In fact, the most hopelessly inadequate books are apt to be the big ones, the so-called monuments of scholarship and literary industry, thus styled, perhaps, because their weight has crushed all the life out of their subjects. But an Emerson can write adequately of "History" or "Art" or "Civilization" within the space of a single brief paper, and we do not feel that the discussion is defective. A Lowell may ask "Will it *do* to say anything more about Shakespeare?" and prove that it *will* do, for a Lowell, to discuss "Shakespeare Once More," even with the limitations of the essayist upon him. Or, to take a still greater exemplar, did not Shakespeare himself, upon hundreds of occasions, give entirely adequate expression to vast ranges of thought in as many pithy and pregnant and divine flashes of his all-comprehending intellect? Is there not a whole philosophy of love in the lines,

"Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate,"

a whole philosophy of life in the words,

"Men must endure
Their going hence even as their coming hither;
Ripeness is all?"

SAITH THE STAR.

"Heart that craves another heart,
Weary of this life apart
From all kindred," saith the star;
"Be thyself thine own best place,
Learn of me, ensphered in space,
Solitary and afar.
"In my loneliness I am free
To explore infinity,
All the calm and silent night.
Heart aflame with wild desire,
Look to me, quench fire with fire,
Plunge within my liquid light.
"Had I sought some alien sphere,
Loth to shine sequestered here,"
Saith the star reproachfully;
"I had left, like stars of old,
To one fleeting track of gold
All my crystal purity."

WALTER FRANCIS KENRICK.

IN REGARD TO POETRY.

The critic who to-day lifts up his voice for poetry is a good deal like Roland sounding his trumpet to call Charlemagne back to Roncesvaux. Charlemagne may come—he will come,—but he is like to find the critical Roland dead upon the battlefield. The Muses are certainly temporarily in exile; and the poets—those votaries who by their introduction got admittance into the company of the gods, and so knew the secrets of things which they communicated to uninspired mortals, “mingling incorruptible rivers of fire” with the blood of men,—these Vates, Seers, Makers, are out of employment, glad of any odd job. They even write criticism. At the best, they cut up the old forms of art, as Medea dismembered her father, and plunge them into the cauldron of the Novel—some day, it is to be hoped, to emerge fresh and vigorous and in their early bloom.

I make no count of lyric poetry in my diagnosis or prognosis. This has always been most plentiful in the most barren periods of literature. It is the brushwood that springs up when the giant pines are felled. The ages of the Anthologists, the Troubadours, the Minnesingers, the Meistersingers, the ballad-writers of Spain, were ages when the poetic energies of the races were either spent or were gathering for a concentrated effort. We have been, of late, passing through a period of lyrical activity; yet there are not wanting signs to show that it is nearly ended. The little leaves of song do not flutter so plentifully from the autumnal boughs of the magazines, and nothing is more certain than the indifference of the public to collections of them—herbariums of pressed emotions. It is yet possible that the great goddess Design may rear her head again and revive the works of men.

Modern thought is unquestionably hostile to great poetry. In religion, it has withdrawn men from ideas of the Creator to rest in the creation; in philosophy, it has descended from the whole to the parts; in science, it has rejected abstract ideas for practical inventions; in sociology, it has substituted an equalized democracy for great central figures. All this means that the spontaneous, the particular, and the immediate have absorbed the attention of mankind; and the lyric is the expression of the spontaneous, the particular, and the immediate.

However true or necessary all this specialized business is, it is not going to permanently satisfy men's souls. There is implanted in us an idea of the whole as well as of the parts. We experience only the imperfect and transitory; but we know that the perfect and eternal exist. We bruise our shins against the real; but the ideal beckons us on, and on we go. The innate ideas of goodness, splendor, happiness, live in us, like the Sleeping Beauty and her court behind the o'ergrown hedge, and only the kiss of Experience is needed to make them rise and ring with life.

At bottom, literature is an intoxicant. It trans-

forms us, takes us out of ourselves. Life is tolerably dull, and it adds little to our liveliness to be told that argon is a most powerful centre of force, or that everything in nature has its ratio of vibration. If the flying-machine is perfected, the globe-wanderer will be as bored on his tenth voyage as he is to-day. If we reach Mars, we will find we have not escaped our own personalities. Science on the whole has not made life any better, nobler, more delightful, or more amusing. But man is eternally interested in his own traditions, his own deeds, his own fate. The talk about books is the one professional talk which is not “shop,” because it is a talk about life itself. How instinctively we feel that the best society the world has known has been in those circles of men of intellect whose interest was in the humanities—the Mermaid group, Johnson's club, the circle about Molière. The mass of men read little enough, but they have an equivalent for literature in gossip and the swapping of stories. Conversation is a continual, though for the most part decent, Decameron.

If all this is true, it may be urged that the novel can satisfy all our intellectual needs, as, indeed, for the present it seems to do. There is no actual reason why a novel may not be a great work of art, except that the extent of the average story makes it difficult to take it all in at once. Our æsthetic vision is not focussed to survey such near-lying and prodigiously extended masses. We are like Gulliver making love to the fair Brobdignagian, and can only get acquainted with her nose or her hand at one time. Yet in spite of this defect, “Don Quixote” and “Tristram Shandy” and “Wilhelm Meister” rank with the great poems and dramas of the world. The real weakness of novels is their enormous dilution, the detail and commonplace by which they seek to mirror life instead of interpreting it (as if they could, even with the vision of Asmodeus and the pen of the Recording Angel, give all the facts of existence), and the ease with which they seem to be done. If there were only two or three or a dozen novels, we might prize them as rare birds. But in their interminable multitude they are as the plague of locusts. I am inclined to think that the whole vast novel literature of the world will some day be as obsolete as the tomes of the Fathers and Schoolmen. It is not that there is not magnificent reading in St. Augustine or Thomas Aquinas, but they and the multitude of their rivals and scholars picked the bones of dogma dry; and, similarly, our novelists have worn human nature, in its ordinary manifestations, threadbare. Besides, all great wit is difficult—difficult to do, and difficult to appreciate.

And this leads me to one advantage of verse. Being hard to get at—of course I mean good verse—by both author and reader, it achieves a concentration that fastens on the memory. Its symmetry and numeric recurrence of sound and motion help it to a permanence which the looser members of prose can hardly hope to attain. It is discipline against the mob. Besides, this verse is a device,

like the frame of a picture or the raised platform and footlights of the stage, which lifts a piece of literature above the ordinary level of life and envelops it in an atmosphere of its own. I suppose everyone has felt a slight shock at the beginning of a theatrical performance; the break with life is apparent for a few moments; we say to ourselves, "This is not real." But if we surrender ourselves to the impressions of the stage, the illusory scene is quickly accepted, its convention and make-believe are forgotten. In the same way, if we yield ourselves to the raised utterance and rhythmical accents of verse we soon forget that it is not the proper and natural language of life. Indeed, who shall say that it is not our proper and natural language — that its ordered harmonies are not those which are most deeply impressed upon the universe? As Schiller puts it, "By a wonder we must enter into wonderland"; and verse is a very potent key to that ideal world we are all striving, consciously or unconsciously, to reach and possess.

The compact and polished marble of verse is a better material for the hand of the designer than the clay of prose. At least it keeps its edge and lustre longer. Above all, it lends itself to the exception. That which would be unnatural in prose is entirely easy to its sonorous mouth. This is painfully felt, I think, in such set pieces of prose as De Quincey's "Ladies of Sorrow" and "Vision of Sudden Death," or even in Milton's lofty rhapsodies. They are finely done, but one feels that they could be done better in verse.

It would need a good deal of argument to persuade people to-day that the great, the rare, the exceptional, are, after all, the best subjects for literature. The opposite opinion, which began to take root about the middle of the last century, has got so firm a hold that it will take an earthquake to dislodge it. Diderot and Rousseau and Goethe and Wordsworth described or sang the lowly lives and humble hopes of the poor. The whole art of Millet and his group is based upon the almost brute struggle for existence. More yet! — man is discovered to be not only a brother of dragons but a cousin-german to the rocks and clouds. In all previous ages he looked aloft, he walked with the gods, he made images of and adored the shining ones of the earth. In the last century and a half he has reversed his gaze. He looks down and finds himself kin to the animals and the earth itself. He vitalizes the phenomena of nature, not by means of human personifications as among the ancients, but in their own proper exhibitions. In Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," the ocean is the sentient antagonist of the man; and in Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native" the moor is the real protagonist of the piece. This is all very well, and if trees and rocks and oceans read books we could imagine them clapping their hands at being so celebrated. But man alone is concerned with art, and the highest poetry vanishes when he is made a subsidiary agent in its domain. The mood that makes

him such is a passing one. Simplicity and humility furnish too narrow a room for his aspiring spirit to flourish in. His natural inclination is to "rise and help Hyperion to his horse," rather than to trail after the hoe of the potato gatherer. Corot is a mightier master than Millet. Splendor and dominion and profundity are not in widest commonalty spread, and these are the things that man most admires and by which he is most moved. We may thrill at the sight of a pump on the stage, or the representation of a plain farmer's home, but these things are not going to displace Orestes and Macbeth. Even in the work of the last century, as the foot-hills withdraw and the peaks emerge, we can see that they are haunted as of old by the Spirit and the forming Word. The "Intimations," the "Ancient Mariner," "Hyperion," the "Ode to the Genestra," De Musset's "Nights," "In Memoriam," "Tristan and Isolde," these works have little to do with the low levels of life. But while the demand for simplicity and commonplace lasts, it is destructive to poetry. If the plain people get it thoroughly established in their heads that they are as good subjects for literature as kings and heroes and poets, that pumpkin-pies and pitchforks and blue-jean blouses are just as important as wit and philosophy and divine exaltation, there will be no venturing verse or great designs until a new generation appears upon the scene.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

London, March 18, 1898.

This is one of the most uninteresting of "spring publishing seasons" of many years past in England. Now that the lists are out, one looks over them in vain for any work that sounds as if it would strike attention, or make the year distinguished. There is a fair average of the stock "stuff," and when one has said that, one has said all that may be said. The much-heralded and much-advertised novels have almost all made their appearance — Mr. Anthony Hope's "Simon Dale," Mr. Grant Allen's "The Incidental Bishop," Mr. Conan Doyle's "The Tragedy of the Korosko," Mr. Stanley Weyman's "Shrewsbury," Mr. E. F. Benson's "The Vintage," and the rest; and they all betray the debilitating effects of assurance, born of an unrestrained self-consciousness of popularity. They constitute, in effect, work done to represent royalties. One wonders what becomes of all the novels manufactured, and one wonders still more what will be thought of them ten or twenty years hence. At present the "libraries" stock their shelves with them, and a sober population, which pays the annual guineas as subscriptions, read them. Then a few days or weeks elapse, the demand slackens, and Mudie or Smith enters them in their "selling off" lists at half price, or less. And so the seasons come and go. But where will they be after several seasons? One shrugs one's shoulders, and asks one's self — Where? Time is a saucy fellow, and it is not easy to fix his caprices in any standard of measurement, or frame from them a rule of consistent taste.

There is a pessimistic wail heard lately, from one or two of our magazines and weekly journals, intended to elicit our sympathy on behalf of the novelist who has, to use the meaning expression, "written himself out." A writer in this week's "Speaker," commenting upon an article in the "National Review," speaks of this condition, so terribly pictured by Mr. George Gissing in "New Grub Street," as a condition which is "beyond the pale of common humanity." "To be without money, food, or a decent coat, is an affliction intelligible to all; but a literary man in want of ideas cannot be taken seriously even by the most tender-hearted." Well, with all pity for such a literary man, is it not, after all, a happy play of the fates that a novelist cannot go on forever? How could we ever hope to cope with the enormous output, if things were otherwise? Surely, we should require to begin to read with the insucking of our mother's milk! And, in all seriousness, the child of to-day is precocious enough. The trouble, perhaps, is not in the writer's losing his ideas, but in his over-anxiety to make money as quickly as he can, giving no regard for the art he is expressing, and no thought for the dignity of his work. It is the inevitable consequence of a literature which is in the hands of a "profession."

Sir Walter Besant also, on a kindred matter, delivers himself, in "The Author," of a belief in the decay of authority in literary criticism. "It is," he says, "impossible—perfectly impossible—by any conceivable rate of pay, to get a reviewer to read a book which he has to discuss in a dozen or twenty lines. The result is often a weak stream of generalities, with a word of fault-finding, a thing quite easy for any book ever written, whether it be read or not—and only vague words of praise, because praise if it is sincere must be based on actual reading." And yet how much praise there is to be found in our critiques! Even if Sir Walter be right,—and there is not a little to prove him in the wrong,—on whom is the blame for this decay? Is it not to be found in the large number of books written and published? If the founder of the Author's Society be really anxious for the preservation of authority in criticism, would he not convince us of his sincerity, to some purpose, were he to preach to his fellow-members the wisdom of writing less and writing better, and not from the text of the "literary profession"? Let a truly fine piece of literary work come up for valuation, and, ten chances to one, it will not miss appreciation. There never was a better time for the aspirant to literary fame, and he has never had more opportunities, than he has now. Otherwise, one cannot explain the evil of the age—the success of mediocrity. And Sir Walter Besant knows this.

To turn from discussion, which, be it never so charming, is yet of less importance than facts, I have to inform you that there are still a few items which have escaped the "Notes" editor of "Literature." One is, that Mr. Grant Richards is busy preparing a handsome library edition of the novels of Jane Austen. For the present, this edition will consist of ten large crown octavo volumes, printed in the same type and on similar paper as were lavished on the "Edinburgh" edition of Stevenson's works. Each novel will occupy two volumes; and there are but five volumes "out of copyright." The other two, which are owned by Messrs. Bentley, must wait.—Mrs. W. K. Clifford has nearly finished a long novel to be published by our newest publishing house, Messrs. Gerald Duckworth & Co., in the summer.—The story which Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton has had in type for so many years, and about which Mr. Coulson

Kernahan has been writing lately, is at last to be issued to the public. I cannot say when, but it may be expected in the autumn.—The new edition of Thackeray's works, which Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have had in preparation for many months past, is to make its appearance shortly with "Vanity Fair," in one volume, with illustrations, and with an introduction by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie.—"John Oliver Hobbes" has finished another novel, to be issued serially in "Harper's Magazine." It is said to be an historical romance founded on the story of "Lochrine and Gwendoline."—Seven translations and sublimations of Omar Khayyâm are going about begging, from publisher to publisher.—Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is passing through the press a volume of essays after the style of his "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow." We are hoping that the years of industry through which he has passed since the publication of that book will not have touched the "new humorist" to grosser influences.—M. Alphonse Daudet's last story, "The Hope of the Family," is to be published in its English translation by Messrs. C. A. Pearson.—An author, unknown to fame, is writing a pamphlet with the following title: "A Proposal Humbly offered to the Ch-ne-ll-r of the Exch-q-r, For the better regulation of the Publication of Books, and for bringing within modest bounds the pride and vanity of authors, as well as the arrogance of publishers." He has taken his text from Horace:

"Insani sanas nomen ferat, equas iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam."

I cannot tell you whether the tract will ever be published or not.—A new publishing house is to startle the world, in the autumn; it has been feeling its way, lately, with a magazine called "The Dome." But "The Unicorn Press" is coming on, all the same.—The "New Vagabonds Club" is not dead yet; out of nearly three hundred members who forgot to pay their subscriptions, more than half sent their postal orders, and the Club is now flourishing. The rumor to the contrary was circulated by some evil-minded member, and an influential committee is now "sitting on" him.—Fifteen hundred and forty-nine lady novelists have ready for the press three thousand and ninety-eight long stories. A well-known financier is busy establishing a syndicate for their publication, in the late autumn. Should the libraries refuse to subscribe, it is within the powers of the syndicate, as laid down in the articles of association, to open one thousand shops, in London and the provinces, for the sale of these novels.—Our art critics are busy buying new steel pens, to be ready for use when the Royal Academy opens its exhibition this spring. They have been busy with other matters lately, and only found time to abuse old masters.—Since the publication of "Literature" there has been issued but one other periodical devoted to books, the "Journal" of the Bootle Free Public Library. If you cannot find Bootle on the map, I can only say your map is out of date. For your better guidance, I may tell you that it now has a Town Hall of its own, and the mayor is not borrowed from Liverpool.—Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has written an introduction to the new copyright edition of Sir Richard Burton's "Pilgrimage to Meccah," to be published by Messrs. George Bell & Sons.—Mr. H. G. Wells is too busy anent the new university for London; but he will not fail to have a new novel ready later in the year.—Mr. Copinger, the late President of the English Bibliographical Society, has just issued the second volume of his supplement to Hain's "Repertorium." It is not stated that the Government will present him with an

illuminated address; but if ever a bibliographer deserved canonization, Mr. Copinger is that bibliographer.—The Clarendon Press is still busy publishing books that everyone wants and nobody buys.—The Cambridge Press is busy doing likewise, except that it has issued, in thirteen mighty quarto volumes, the papers of the late Dr. Cayley, a work, of course, which nobody could buy, try as he would.—We have had a little talk about "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," by "C. 33," and it is likely to lead to some sort of prison reform. A great many of us think it good poetry; a great many others say it is not art; the rest have not read it.—I hear strange rumors about the poet laureate being engaged on an ode on the new bacon and tea company, "Liptons." There may be something in it; for Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in "The Weekly Sun," says that "Liptons" is the one topic of conversation in the best drawing-rooms of the West End: and he ought to know.—The celebration, this year, of the '98 movement in Ireland is to be a mighty fine affair, and we are to have reprints and new books galore on the subject. The committee of management in Dublin is busy arranging and organizing and disagreeing on the details and with each other, most delightfully; but you can be sure of this: that the visitors here, from your side of the water, will have a good time next May.—There is to be a fine and handsome collected edition of the novels of Sheridan LeFann, a writer who deserves more than he ever got. The publishers are to be Downey & Co., the firm which is issuing the illustrated edition of Lever's novels and the American translation of Balzac's "La Comédie Humaine."—Mr. Sidney Lee's admirable biography of Shakespeare as printed in the "Dictionary of National Biography" is to be reissued in separate form, as was Mr. Henley's essay on Burns.—Mr. Max Beerbohm is going out to the Caucasus Mountains to rescue Prometheus. He has been reading the matter up very carefully lately, and he has told us all about it in this week's "Saturday Review." I do not know who is to publish the account of his journey; probably the Royal Geographical Society. In any case, here is a good chance for an enterprising publisher.

TEMPLE SCOTT.

COMMUNICATIONS.

AN HONOR WORTHILY BESTOWED.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In compliance with an Act of the Legislature of Kansas, an admirable likeness in marble of Ex-Governor Robinson has lately been completed and placed in the college chapel of the State University at Lawrence. In thus honoring her first governor and the hero of the forces of freedom in "the times that tried men's souls," the State of Kansas has greatly honored herself. The struggle of the slave-masters for the spread of slavery over Kansas and the vast regions involved in the issue, was their last and desperate attempt at national supremacy. It was their Armageddon, and they so understood it. James Buchanan was President, and Jefferson Davis was his Secretary of War. As the leader of the Free State party, Governor Robinson had to face the whole power of the national administration. He had to hold at bay the organized hordes of border ruffians from Missouri and other States. And the difficulties of his situation were still further aggravated by factional divisions in the Free State ranks, and the menace of rash

and reckless leaders whose action would have invited destruction. But he was equal to the emergency. He was the Samuel Adams of the Free State cause. He had coolness, caution, and diplomacy, joined to perfect courage and an inflexible steadfastness of purpose. Having the great cause at heart, and loving his country better than he loved himself, he sought to subordinate all minor considerations and compose all differences of opinion and of policy. He had the rarest patience and forbearance, and the wise moderation which is born of self-control. He held extreme measures in check, and deprecated any act of folly which might place his cause in antagonism to the Constitution and the laws. Without these qualities which he so happily combined in himself, it is difficult to believe that success would have been possible; and with them he was able to lead the way safely through the labyrinth of lawlessness and disorder to the final triumph of liberty and peace. Not Kansas only, but the nation itself, should cherish his memory; for his work paved the way for the overthrow of slavery in the United States and its abolition throughout the civilized world.

The bust of Governor Robinson is the work of Mr. Lorado Taft, the Chicago sculptor, and it was fitly placed in the chapel of the State University. Governor Robinson was one of the founders of this institution. He was its devoted friend and liberal helper while he lived, and he bequeathed to it the bulk of his large fortune. He has been aptly called "the father of the University," and I cannot better conclude this brief notice than by quoting the words of one of its regents in accepting the bust:

"So long as there remains on the map of the earth a spot called Kansas, and so long as there remains even the dimmest tradition that there was a long, heroic, and finally successful struggle there for freedom, and so long as there remains one stone upon another of the stately walls of this University, which was the apple of his eye, so long will live the name and the fragrant memory of Charles Robinson."

GEORGE W. JULIAN.

Irvington, Ind., March 26, 1898.

"THE PLIGHT OF THE BOOKSELLER."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your article on "The Plight of the Bookseller," in your issue of March 16, you say, "The statement was recently made that one of these [department] stores . . . could afford to retail an invoice of books 'for the net cost of the bill and still leave a profit.'" Such a statement, if made in good faith, must have been made by one of the multitude who patronize the department stores, rather than by one familiar with their management. The book department conducted by these establishments is run to make money, as much as any other department, and must meet its share of the expenses. When it is understood that an average profit of twenty-five per cent is required to cover the cost of doing business, such a statement as that quoted in your article will be seen in its absurdity.

A good book man, in charge of a book department, with the backing of a large capital, has many advantages over the ordinary bookseller. The marvel is that the result is so insignificant. The only argument urged in behalf of the "book department" by the bookbuyer is the one of "cut prices," which you are right in saying "are not (with an occasional exception) cut so very much after all." Illiteracy and ignorance is the rule behind the counters, and only less frequently is it found

in front of them. It is not an atmosphere of learning, in spite of the tons of "literature," such as you may reasonably expect to find in even the humblest second-hand bookstall. But it is doing its work in a rude blundering way. A love for the beautiful must have been planted in many a heart that hungered (consciously) only for a bargain, and got it in a "classic" degraded in its outward form as a diamond would be set in brass.

A large proportion of American book readers are uneducated women who rarely visit bookshops and who frequent dry goods stores. There is no serious side to their reading; it is simply a habit. They seldom have the set purpose of buying a book. Their wants are hosiery or gloves; they buy books casually. This accounts for the book department in the department store and defines its success. It cannot take the place of the book store until it changes its atmosphere, which it is not likely to do in the immediate future.

The publisher has it in his power to protect the bookseller and the general good of the trade. Class distinctions should be abolished. By that I mean that ministers and teachers, who form a large percentage of the book-buying class, should not be offered special discounts and invited to purchase direct from the publisher. The publisher's announcement reads, "For sale by all booksellers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price," etc. I wonder how many publishers there are who "receive the price" by mail from a customer living in a town where there is a responsible bookseller, who send the book so ordered by mail to the bookseller, enclose to him the difference between the list price and the wholesale price, and request that the book be delivered to the person who ordered it? I never heard of a publisher who did such a thing, and yet I believe such a policy would bring great returns to the publisher and result in great benefit to the bookseller. First, he would feel that he was the publisher's agent in a new sense. Second, it would enable him to know, and come in touch with, the local book-buying public. He could buy more intelligently, carry a larger stock with less risk, and build up his business to the point where it would be "a civilizing agency of the highest importance to the community."

Another thing that the publisher might do to protect the bookseller, and benefit the general good of the trade, is to adhere to the old distinction between "wholesaler" and "retailer." The manner of disposition of the purchase should be considered rather than the quantity purchased. The large department store, with an outlet greater, perhaps, than the jobber who sells to the small bookseller, should not be able to buy as cheaply as the jobber; neither should the small bookseller pay more for the same book than the department store which sells only at retail. I think it can be successfully maintained that the distinction between wholesale and retail selling, once clearly defined, but now apparently lost sight of in the trade, is largely responsible for the present "Plight of the Bookseller." WILLIAM S. LORD.

Evanston, Ill., March 23, 1898.

THE BOOKSELLER AS AN EDUCATOR.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The "Book Lovers' Friend" is a term which has been justly applied to the bookseller, who, although he makes his daily bread from the profits on sales of good literature, at the same time renders a service, not to be estimated by dollars and cents, in calling the attention of his customers to book treasures, new and old. He often stands in the place of a literary adviser, ministering

with discrimination to the literary appetites of his customers. In this capacity the bookseller is a sort of Professor of Books; and just so long as the really thoughtful book-purchaser is to be found, just so long will there be an opportunity for the real bookseller to obtain a certain amount of patronage and a fair compensation for his services. If the statement in the excellent article on "The Plight of the Bookseller," in the last issue of THE DIAL, that "a good bookstore, stocked with serious literature, and conducted by people who know something of the books they sell, is a civilizing agency of the highest importance to every community," be true, it ought to come about that an institution of such economic value will be preserved by the economic forces which, optimistically speaking, work for the advancement of civilization. Of course this view of the matter does not give definite consolation to the bookseller who is struggling with present conditions. Competition in all lines of commerce results in changed methods, and the business of bookselling cannot be exempt from this law.

CHARLES M. ROE.

Chicago, March 25, 1898.

ROMANCE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the interest of the romantic element in our history, will you allow me a word of protest against the rather summary fashion in which THE DIAL's recent review of Miss Katharine Lee Bates's "American Literature" pronounces her references to the "Pocahontas yarn, Cotton Mather and witchcraft, and Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga" superficial and misleading. "Historical scholarship" does indeed distinguish, as Miss Bates has done, between Smith's first allusion to Pocahontas, given in the "True Relation" (1608), and the account of her kind offices to the Colonists which he gave to Queen Anne in 1616. Mr. Henry Adams, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, and Mr. Alexander Bruce have followed Dean in regarding the tomahawk of Powhatan and his daughter's entreaties as a picturesque embellishment; but Smith has stanch defenders in Mr. William Wirt Henry, Prof. John Fiske, and Mr. Edward Aber. The charge of falsehood should always be coupled with the narrator's own assertion that the plea for Pocahontas might have been presented from a "more worthy pen," but not from "a more honest heart."

As to Cotton Mather's share in the witchcraft delusion, one has but to read his own "Memorable Providences" or "Wonders of the Invisible World" to conclude with Dr. W. F. Poole, who contributed the chapter on witchcraft in Boston to Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America," that Mather "never wavered from a full belief in the reality of witchcraft and diabolical possession," although "his mind was greatly perplexed as to the nature and meaning of the phenomena."

Ethan Allen's part in the taking of Ticonderoga may have been exaggerated by his biographers, but for the authenticity of his famous summons to surrender, quoted by Miss Bates, we have no less a witness than his own account of the expedition, printed in 1775.

Fortunately for those of us who believe in "enterprising" text-books, historical research is not always iconoclastic, and reference to the sources of our early history may often prove that truth is even more picturesque than fiction.

KATHARINE COMAN.

Wellesley, Mass., March 22, 1898.

The New Books.

FRANCE: THE STUDY OF A NATION.*

Mr. Bodley's "France" is the most important and suggestive work of its class that has appeared since the publication of Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth." In it the author essays to do for the student of political France what Mr. Bryce did for the student of political America; and of his pronounced success in the essential part of this needed undertaking there can be no question. He has enriched political literature with an admirable specimen of institutional exposition—a scholarly product of unstinted labor and thorough execution that must command the respect even of those least inclined to sympathize with certain fundamental predilections of its author. Mr. Bodley's treatment of his subject is a mean between the contrary methods of his famous predecessors, Arthur Young and De Tocqueville, whose respective masterpieces serve to exhibit the fundamental diversity of the aptitudes and tendencies of the Anglo-Saxon and the Gallic mind. Of the turn for generalization, for detecting the latent strand of connecting principle between facts seemingly disparate, so eminently displayed by the philosophic Frenchman, Mr. Bodley's pages evince no inconsiderable share; while they are also lit and vivified at intervals by pictures of men and manners such as form the staple of the English traveller's immortal roving diary. The keen-eyed and practical "Suffolk Squire" might himself have written the following passage, for instance, illustrative of the prevailing indifference of the French nation to politics and politicians—an indifference, be it said, that not infrequently borders on contempt, and finds its counterpart in most democratically governed countries of to-day.

"It was the home and workshop of a wood-carver, whose skill, famed through the region, had long dispensed him the need for manual toil, which he loved with the zeal of a craftsman of old. This simple provincial family composed a characteristic French group, the head of it grown grey in intelligent labor; his wife vigorous and orderly, keeping the books as well as the house; his daughter, comely as was her mother before the War, lately married to a young cultivator of the neighborhood, also present, who had completed his military service. This room full of contented people contained the materials that promote the prosperity and real glory of France—industry, thrift, family sentiment, artistic instinct, cultivation of the soil, cheerful performance of patriotic duty, and collaboration of women

*FRANCE. By John Edward Courtenay Bodley. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co.

in the plan of life,—all impregnated with an air of the old Latin civilization, oftener manifest in humble spheres than in the class which ought longest to have preserved it. Wishing to learn something of the political tendencies of the district, I asked about the rumored retirement of the deputy; but my inquiry only elicited the phrase, often and often repeated to me since then, '*Je ne m'occupe pas de politique, Monsieur.*' When the old man said this, there was no anger nor scorn in his tone, such as a reference to the Government of France called forth from the occupants of the neighboring château which I had left that morning. The members of this worthy family had no ill-will for the Republic, nor indeed for any régime which allowed them to pursue their callings tranquilly; but politics were not to them an occupation for steady and industrious people."*

Mr. Bodley's book is the fruit of a seven years' sojourn in France, the whole of which period was spent in preparation. Though not free from occasional Gallicisms and perhaps hardly avoidable adaptations from current continental political writing, the style is in general no less admirable than the matter. One gets, too, an impression of a certain studied elegance that recalls by contrast the almost colloquial plainness of Mr. Bryce, who with an abundance of political philosophy never affects the political philosopher. But Mr. Bodley's meaning is always clear. In fact, we think it would be difficult to name a half-dozen political studies of its class and importance that can be read through so easily and continuously, we may add so pleasurably, as this one.

Mr. Bodley indulges pretty freely in politico-historical reflections (at times rather questionable ones, as it seems to us), and his opening volume is largely an inquiry into the relations of modern France with the Revolution. The lengthy Introduction is mainly devoted to a general consideration of this topic, after which the writer proceeds to appraise and define the Revolution, and to exhibit the fate in France to-day of the ground ideas and fundamental maxims which the apostles of that movement proclaimed amid such unbounded hope and enthusiasm. What, for instance, is the standing under the Third Republic of the grandiose motto of the first one: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"? Is the Frenchman under M. Félix Faure free—comparatively uninterfered with by his government, and does he prize his freedom? Is he contentedly "as good as," and no better than, his neighbor? Is he, in any considerable humanly attainable degree, his neighbor's brother? To this triple inquiry

*The idea meant to be conveyed by the above passage was tersely expressed in the Assembly, in 1875, by M. Laboulaye: "We present the spectacle of a tranquil people with agitated legislators."

Mr. Bodley devotes three searching and rather ironical chapters, with the last of which Book I. closes. In Book II., which concludes the opening volume, the author begins the more directly descriptive portion of his work, under the chapter-headings "The Constitution," "The Chief of the State." Volume II. is devoted to "The Parliamentary System," including "The Upper Chamber," "The Chamber of Deputies and the Electoral System," "The Composition of the Chamber of Deputies," "Parliamentary Procedure and Practice," "Ministers, Ministries, and the Parliamentary System," "Corruption under the Republic," and to "Political Parties," including "The Group System," "The Royalists," "The Plebiscitary Element," "The Ralliés," "The Left Centre," "The Opportunists," "The Radicals," "The Socialist Group." Incidentally the author touches briefly upon a variety of topics germane to the main inquiry, such as political indifference, the decadence of parliament, corrupt practices, ministerial instability, Republican morals, the army, the Panama scandals, and so on.

Mr. Bodley's tone, we may say at once, is somewhat reactionary throughout, and indicates anything but an abiding faith in the endurance of the parliamentary system established by the Constitution of 1875. It is in the union of this later system with the older Napoleonic fabric of close-knit centralization that he sees the potent cause of the pessimism of French political writers. Infected himself, perhaps, by this pessimism, Mr. Bodley is of the discouraging opinion that the only hope of an improved state of things for France lies in the prospect of the voice of the nation delegating its powers to an authoritative hand instead of to parliamentary government — a prospect which, one would think, the memory of Sedan must serve to render somewhat less seductive to the French imagination. The proneness of Frenchmen to the saving course indicated by Mr. Bodley is amply attested by history, and there is perhaps in the Celtic nature an inveterate yearning for a leader; but we cannot but think that every additional year of the life of the Third Republic adds to its chances of permanency, and lessens the likelihood that the French, captivated anew by some strong or showy personality, or yielding again to the spell of a name, will once more vote away their hard-won privilege of having, when they choose to exercise it, the controlling voice in the management of their own concerns. Indifference to politics, of which Mr. Bodley makes so much, is by no means (as we know in

this country) necessarily a sign of indifference to liberty and latent preference for authoritative rule. It is the *sense* of freedom, the knowledge that one can have one's say when one chooses, that counts for most with most men; and the outwardly apathetic citizen who does not take the trouble to cast his vote twice in a decade may nevertheless willingly face death in defence of his right to cast it, if that right be seriously threatened. Unless French humanity is radically different from humanity in general, each generation that grows up in France under the Republican *régime* is on the whole less likely than its predecessor to relapse willingly into a sheep-like submission to an autocrat — even though he prove to be the *bon tyran* of Renan's optimistic dreams. The possibility of a despotism resting on a *plébiscite* grows remoter, as the French character loses by degrees the impress of the mould of centuries of arbitrary local and central rule. French republicanism may perhaps again suffer a partial eclipse; but it is our conviction that it will emerge from the shadow undimmed as before, and that the class represented by Mr. Bodley's indifferent wood-carver (whose *incivisme* might well have cost him his head in the fiery days of '93) will become in time as proof as its American counterpart against the snares and seductions of a Louis Napoleon or a Boulanger.

With Mr. Bodley's view of the French Revolution we do not, in the main, find ourselves in sympathy. Accepting almost unqualifiedly Taine's view of that movement, he quotes with implied approval these strangely uncharacteristic words of Renan:

"If we turn away from the grandiose fatality of the Revolution, all that is left is odious and horrible: a nameless orgie, a monstrous fray into which madmen, incapables, and miscreants rush, told by their instinct that their opportunity is come, and that victory is for the most repulsive of mankind. Every crime and every insanity seem to have united to produce the success of the Days of Revolution."

Those who condemn the Revolution are in general given to "turning away" in their appraisals of it from all but its bloody episodes and wild sectaries, much as writers hostile to the Reformation incline to "turn away" from Luther and fix their eyes firmly on John of Leyden and the Munster Anabaptists. It is to be regretted that Mr. Bodley has steeped his mind in Taine, to the exclusion of such modifying influences as the sane and judicial Mignet, or, better still, the clear and literal narrative of the latest considerable historian of the French Revolution, Professor Morse Stephens.

Owing his conceptions mainly to the source indicated, Mr. Bodley's reflections touching the Revolution are sometimes impaired by the assumption that the violent and sanguinary course of the movement in its later phases was wholly or essentially due to something inherent in its nature or to the depravity or the incapacity of its leaders, whereas it was in fact largely, and we believe mainly, external danger, real or fancied, and internal dissension, that forced upon France the iron despotism and ruthless policy of the Terror. It is difficult to set a limit to the right of self-defence; and when the infant Republic, charged, as its votaries firmly believed, with the highest hopes, not of France alone, but of humanity, found itself threatened by treachery and invasion without and by anarchy and treachery within, it threw to the winds its benign theories, suspended its free constitution, and turned France into an armed camp, in the midst of which it erected, as a grim monitor to all who might be tempted to swerve a hair's breadth from the paths drawn in accordance with the new ideals, the guillotine. In fixing the responsibility for the blood shed by the Republic in its hour of peril, the share therein of reactionary Europe, of the recusant priests and the *émigrés*, must not be forgotten.

Mr. Bodley finds that "the peculiar harshness of Frenchmen to Frenchmen in their political capacity dates from the Revolution." From what, then, we may ask, dated the peculiar harshness of Frenchmen to Frenchmen during the Revolution? In the same vein he moralizes on the psychological results of the daily spectacle of the guillotine at work, and animadvert (not very profoundly) on "a humanitarian philosophy" that "led to such depths of inhuman ferocity that to see unfortunates sent to execution was a spectacle to which the mothers of Paris brought their children." Does Mr. Bodley seriously mean to tell us that the gloating joy of the hags who knitted in the red shadow of the guillotine was born of that "humanitarian philosophy" not the least of whose titles to respect is that it raised its voice in fearless protest against the barbarities of the ancient criminal law of France? A moment's reflection must have reminded him that it was the Old Regime, and not the Republic, that bred in the French populace a taste for these bloody spectacles. To the older *habitues* of the *Place de la Révolution*, the Republican tragedies enacted thereon must have seemed comparatively tame and spiritless, when they remem-

bered the prolonged agonies of victims of the wheel or the stake. Before the "humanitarian philosophy" at which it is the fashion nowadays to sneer did away with it, the wheel was set up regularly in the principal cities of France, and the voice of the crier was heard in the streets as he hawked pamphlets announcing the fate of the victims.

"The common people crowded about the scaffold, and the rich did not always scorn to hire windows overlooking the scene. The condemned man was first stretched upon a cross and struck by the executioner eleven times with an iron bar, every stroke breaking a bone. The poor wretch was then laid on his back on a cart-wheel, his broken bones protruding through his flesh, his head hanging, his brow dripping bloody sweat, and left to die. A priest muttered religious consolation by his side. By such sights as these was the populace of the French cities trained to enjoy the far less inhuman spectacle of the guillotine."*

Madame Roland, as a girl, was once startled from her books by the trampling of an excited mob hastening on its way to the *Place de la Grève*, where two youths were to suffer death by the wheel and the stake. People were crowding to the house-tops to view the appalling spectacle. The future republican, though a true daughter of the Seine, shrank from the hideous sight; but she could not shut out the shrieks of the victims nor the smell of the burning faggots. The cries of one of the wretches, who lived for twelve hours on the wheel, rang in her ears throughout the night. She writes in her Memoirs:

"In truth, human nature is not at all estimable considered *en masse*. I cannot conceive what can thus excite the curiosity of thousands to see two of their fellow-creatures die. . . . Yes, the pitiless mob applauded the tortures of the criminals as if at a play."

And the same pitiless mob was one day to follow, with jeers and plaudits and greedy anticipation, the tumbril which bore her to the scaffold — a serene and shining figure that will not soon die in the memory of that "Impartial Posterity" to which she made her final appeal. The antipathy for the French Revolution of a conservative, somewhat prosaic, Englishman, imbued with a lingering notion of the sacrosanct character of throne and altar and prescriptive titles, is not unintelligible; but we confess we do not understand how a Frenchman endowed with a grain of patriotism and a scintilla of sympathy with human progress can in cool blood stigmatize as a "nameless orgie" of "madmen, miscreants, and incapables" the

* From Mr. E. J. Lowell's "The Eve of the French Revolution," an excellent little book not generally unfavorable in tone to the Old Régime.

great movement that lightened the burdens and confirmed the civic manhood of two-thirds of his countrymen. The French Revolution was assuredly not made, as Danton said, "with rosewater." Those who extol it most deplore its follies and excesses. But had the good it wrought been confined to its sweeping away of fiscal inequalities alone, it would not be without a fair title to the respect of posterity.

To the faint-hearted believer in representative democracy, Mr. Bodley's view of the present attitude of the French towards the terms of the republican device, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," will prove somewhat discouraging—almost as much so as Mr. Lecky's recent lugubrious reflections on the decline of parliamentarism in general. Whatever may be its faults, we do not see how anything but parliamentarism is possible now for that portion of the world that has grown up to it. It is hardly conceivable that any intelligent people that has for long exercised the adult privilege of voting its own taxes, speaking its own mind, and generally controlling its own business, could, under normal conditions and in the absence of national decay, suddenly develop a taste for the infantile leading-strings of absolutism. It is fair to say that Mr. Bodley's ideal system for France is, not absolutism pure and simple, but a hybrid compound of Imperialism and Parliamentarism, an arrangement symbolized by certain beautiful gold coins bearing the revolutionary date "An. XII.," which show on one face the legend "Napoléon Empereur," and on the reverse "République Française." Of the instability of the present Republic, or at least of its slight hold on the people, Mr. Bodley finds signs and symptoms not a few. The indifference, bordering on contempt, of the bulk of the French for their legislators, we have already noted. But was there ever a government in France of which the industrial masses took much note—except, indeed, when it became especially bad? The phenomenon of political indifferentism is, we venture to say, as common in America as in France. Had Mr. Bodley visited us and questioned people of the order of his French wood-carver as to their congressman, he would unquestionably in many cases have received a reply (seasoned at times with a robust expletive or two) equivalent to "*Je ne m'occupe pas de politique, Monsieur.*" But he would have been quite wrong had he inferred from this that events were justifying Jefferson's dread of "monocracy," and that a King or an Emperor of the United States was a looming

political possibility. Again, Mr. Bodley lays stress on the unabated thirst of the French for orders and decorations—and especially on their unwarranted assumption of nobiliary titles, a practice which has grown to such a pitch latterly that dubious counts and barons are as thick at Paris (we trust American heiresses will take note of this) as leaves in Vallombrosa, or as civilian "Colonels" in Kentucky and titular "Squires" and "Judges" in old New England.

Mr. Bodley deals frankly yet tactfully with what he deems the especially noteworthy and suggestive faults and follies of the time. An unpleasant trait of the Republic is its not infrequent manifestation of intolerance, notably the scandalous readiness of certain *soi-disant* official upholders of free thought to borrow a leaf from the book of its one time oppressors by attempting to penalize religious observances and to set up irreligion as a standard of citizenship. Clearly, the repressions and hatreds of the old *régime* have cast a still lingering shadow on the new. Mr. Bodley deplores the levity of that largely ornamental class which rejoices in the imperfectly deserved title of "*la haute société Parisienne*"—its abstention from public affairs and serious interests of any kind, its severance from the class dignified by intellect and achievement, its ape-like mimicry of English ways, its seeming effort to transform Paris into a mere cosmopolitan city of pleasure and common casino of nations. As M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu still more harshly puts it:

"Les hautes classes sont inconsciemment les grands fauteurs du socialisme. Leur vie est une prédication contre la société. La frivolité impertinente de la jeunesse de nos salons, l'oisiveté ridiculement affairée de nos 'sportsmen' et de nos 'clubmen,' l'étalage outrageant de la débauche élégante, quelles leçons pour le peuple de la rue!"

It is the people of the provinces who, with their silent, sober energy, constitute the real saving force of France, and keep her in the front rank of nations, in spite of the follies committed in her beautiful capital. And apart from the mass of the people, with their excellent qualities of stability and diligence, there are, thinks the author, "three great but dissimilar bodies in the nation, the virtues of which counterbalance the ill done by the conspicuous classes whose words and deeds fill the newspapers." These are the Army, the University, and the Clergy.

On the topic of the comparatively low birth-rate in France, the author touches in a rather incidental and cursory way. To a philosophic observer it might seem a little odd that a country which has fairly attained that millennial

state pictured by Malthusian economists in which prudential checks on population effectually prevent the pressure of numbers on the means of subsistence, should on that account be an object of such general commiseration and dismal prophecy. The Napoleonic view that places first among the national virtues the rapid propagation of food for powder evidently survives.

Mr. Bodley's book is less comprehensive than Mr. Bryce's, in that it by no means covers the whole field of government. Dwelling extensively, in his opening volume, on historical relations, he has thought best to limit the scope of the remainder of the work to an account of the Executive and Legislative powers which have operated during the last quarter of the century, reserving for a future and independent volume a study of the jurisdictions of the great interior departments of the State, which in France survive revolutions and changes of régime. Thus, the promised volume will deal with the Centralized Administration, the Church and Education, the Judicial and Fiscal Systems, and with questions relating to Capital and Labor, to the Colonies and the Army. Mr. Bodley's book may safely be pronounced the book of the season, and it should be in the hands of everyone desiring a scholarlike knowledge of political France of to-day. E. G. J.

HENRY GEORGE AND HIS FINAL WORK.*

Henry George died fighting one of the most corrupt political organizations of the civilized world — a sufficient epitaph for any worthy man. But he has larger claims to respect and consideration. He made a creditable attempt to solve the root-problem of material life — poverty, — and his just-published posthumous book, "The Science of Political Economy," excites that pathetic interest which attaches to the memory of one who tried to aid his fellow-man. He was eloquent, but he was free from the hysteria of demagoguery. His sympathies, born of bitter vicissitude, were acute, but they were tempered with reason. He believed in the equality of opportunity; but he believed also (as an American and an individualist) in the natural inequality of capacity. When he saw the industrial evils of the Old World reappear in one of the richest and fairest parts of the New — commercial depression, involuntary

idleness, wasting capital, pecuniary distress, want, suffering, anxiety, — he was startled, and he set about to discover the cause. We value him for what he tried to do. "Progress and Poverty" was an immensely interesting and attractive book on a seemingly sapless science. It struck fire from flint, and lifted the author from obscurity to world-wide celebrity. Emerson says that every man is eloquent in that which he understands. It would be, perhaps, truer to say that every man is eloquent in that in which he fervently believes, and George believed that he had given a message. To quote his own words: "On the night on which I finished the final chapter of 'Progress and Poverty,' I felt that the talent entrusted to me had been accounted for — was more fully satisfied, more deeply grateful, than if all the Kingdoms of the earth had been laid at my feet." No one doubts his sincerity, his intellectual integrity, the cleanliness of his soul. His expectations were infinite, his faith simple. The poverty of the world lay not in Nature but in a vicious economic system; and he thought that he had found a "sovereign remedy" which would "raise wages, increase the earnings of capital, extirpate pauperism, abolish poverty, give remunerative employment to whoever wishes it, afford free scope to human powers, lessen crime, elevate morals and taste and intelligence, purify government, and carry civilization to yet nobler heights."

This was, of course, fatuity. His suggestion of the confiscation of all ground-rent, as a universal corrective and solvent, has been thoroughly discredited by political economists; and he felt this fact keenly. The assent of the unthinking multitude did not satisfy him. He craved recognition from the technically instructed, and this doubtless is the inspiration of his posthumous work. He complains that: "While a few of these professional economists, driven to say something about 'Progress and Poverty,' resorted to misrepresentation, the majority preferred to rely upon their official positions, in which they were secure by the interests of the dominant class, and to treat as beneath contempt a book circulated by thousands in the three great English-speaking countries and translated into all the important modern languages. Thus the professors of political economy seemingly rejected the simple teachings of 'Progress and Poverty,' refrained from meeting with disproof or argument what it had laid down, and treated it with contemptuous silence."

Wishing to justify himself to the specialist, he embraced the mistake of an elaborate, formal treatise on "The Science of Political Economy." A duller work has not appeared within a year and a day. We look in vain for the

*THE SCIENCE OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Henry George. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co.

dramatic instinct which characterized the composition of "Progress and Poverty." No two books written on the same subject and by the same hand could be more dissimilar. And yet the last book is merely a repetition of the first in the sense that it embodies no new important principle. John Morley says in the preface to his smaller Burke: "A man may once say a thing as he would have it said — he cannot say it twice."

In this book Henry George reiterates that land is not wealth; that agriculture is not subject to the law of diminishing return; that Malthusianism is infatuated pessimism; that industry is not limited by capital; that wages are paid out of the current product, and not out of capital; that, therefore, wages cannot be diminished by the increase of laborers; that wages are low where rent is high; that rent tends to absorb all profit, and should be confiscated as an "unearned increment." All of which — "Progress and Poverty" to the contrary notwithstanding — still await demonstration. In his last work, he reserved the elaboration of nearly all these propositions to Book IV., part of which remains unwritten.

He approaches the arduous task of comprehensive definition with simplicity of confidence. He is impatient with the mistakes of his predecessors, and he enters into the usual wrangle over terminology. When John Stuart Mill said that everyone has a notion, sufficiently correct for common purposes, of what is meant by wealth, that we all know that it is one thing to be rich and another thing to be enlightened, brave, or humane, he was hooted for his want of precision. He was even heretical enough to say: Whether the skill of a workman or any other natural or acquired power of body or mind shall be called wealth, is a question not of very great importance. This "slovenliness of thought" made the pedants gasp, and lo! and now Marshall has reformed it altogether. In passing, George takes a hit at him, which appeals to the American sense of humor. He ridicules his

"Occasional bursts of such thunderous sound as 'external-material-transferable goods,' 'internal-non-transferable goods,' 'material-external-non-transferable goods,' and 'personal-external-transferable goods,' with all their respective singulars. There is in English no singular for the word 'goods,' and the reason is that there is no need for one, since when we want to express the idea of a single item or article in a lot of goods, it is better to use the specific noun."

George endeavors to identify the laws of political economy with Nature, and this is not

difficult, because everything that exists or happens is natural. The primary postulate is not selfishness, but it is that men seek to gratify their desires with the least exertion. The science of political economy is concerned, he says, with the permanent, not with the transient. It deals not with human enactments or municipal laws, but natural laws, and has no more reference to political divisions than have the laws of mechanics, optics, or gravitation. Is this true? Would not the advent of Bellamyism, and the consequent abolition of competition, exchange, and money, make modern political economy a hieroglyph?

George excludes land as wealth under the following definition: "Wealth consists of natural products that have been secured, moved, combined, separated, or in other ways modified by human exertion so as to fit them for the gratification of human desires." But surely land is modified, improved, or exhausted by human labor; the physical possession of it is transferable, it has value in exchange, and may be sold for the products of human labor. Why, then, is it not wealth? Every business man knows that it is. Properly considered, the science of political economy, like the science of astronomy, is an observation and analysis of what is, not of what conceivably might be. It is not an ethical precept, and the failure to recognize this vitiates George's whole treatise.

He attacks the law of diminishing return in agriculture (although afterwards he bases his whole doctrine of rent upon it), on the ground that it is not benevolent. But Nature is not benevolent; else why should a half million of people have died of starvation in India last year? Why is everyone born under a death sentence? Even if space permitted, it would be tedious and profitless to follow him in detailed criticism through his theory of value; his fallacious analogies in physical science and pseudo-metaphysics; his laborious explication of naturalism. The reader himself will look into the book if he deems it worth while. But, save a chapter on money, which is a remarkably lucid account of fiatism, it would seem hardly worth while.

It is interesting to note that George disavowed socialism. "It takes no account of natural laws, neither seeking them nor striving to be governed by them. . . . It is a proposition to bring back mankind to the socialism of Peru." And yet George's scheme of rent confiscation leads straight to socialism. It is inconceivable that four million and a half of farmers

in the United States, not to speak of city householders, could be dispossessed of title without retaliating. What would be done with the mortgages on the farms? Would the farmer be compelled to pay them? Would the State assume them, or would it confiscate them? Is there not an unearned increment in railway shares, wages, professional fees, and all material personal property? Wherein, too, in the realm of absolute ethics, is the title of a nation better than that of an individual? It is founded on discovery, conquest, or purchase, and is maintained by force. Assuming that there is a land question in a country of limited area, such as Great Britain, an equal division of agricultural and ground rent together, apart from the interest on capital invested, would give to each person there about one dollar a month. Would that abolish poverty?

In George's second book, "Social Problems," he hints at the confiscation of the national debt. He asks if the pecuniary obligations of one's great-grandfather should bind posterity. Once admit the principle of confiscation, it grows wonderfully. In a debate with Hyndman, the English socialist, George said: "I can understand how a society must at some time become possible in which all production and exchange should be carried on under public supervision and for the public benefit, but I do not think it possible to attain that step at one leap, or to attain it now." Nevertheless, he helped to blaze the way to it. But alas for human nature and for the dream of the socialist! There is one place in this imperfect world of ours — and perhaps only one — where life is serious and well-ordered, where absolute equality prevails, where production is regulated and labor and reward are evenly apportioned, where men live in accordance with the law of wholesome average and hygiene, where they rise early and retire seasonably, where they wear warm and sufficient but not superfine clothing, where they work eight hours a day, where they attend religious services, where there is no luxurious and profitless living, where there is no idleness, no vice, no profanity, no dissipation, no extravagance, no money, no gambling, no speculation, no exchange, no swindling, no tricks of trade, no hunger, no controversy, no violence, no crimes, and no mistakes, — in a word, where a few men do what revolutionary socialists would have all men do, — and that place is the penitentiary.

Society is a growth, not a creation; an organism, not an empiricism. It cannot be made over by tinkering socialists. Progress is evolu-

tion, not revolution. Socialism is an intellectual vanity; an ambitious humanitarianism disregarding of the two profoundest instincts in human nature, the sense of personal property and of personal liberty. Prediction is laborious failure; the future cannot be pigeon-holed. Nicholson says of Utopias: "The imagination has very limited powers of construction compared with Nature; on the one side we have a short span of life and a small brain, and on the other eternity and the universe."

OLIVER T. MORTON.

THE STORY OF HAWAII'S QUEEN.*

Freedom from the cares of state which the once Queen of Hawaii has of late enjoyed, has afforded her the opportunity of writing the story of her life and presenting to the American public, in a volume entitled "Hawaii's Story," her side of an oft-told tale. Descended from an ancient chief, a counsellor of Kamehameha I., the first Hawaiian monarch, the Princess Lydia was adopted at birth, in accordance with the prevailing Hawaiian custom, into the family of another chief. In 1862 she was married to General J. O. Dominis, son of an English sea-captain, who died during her brief reign as queen. She was proclaimed heir-apparent, Liliuokalani, by her brother King Kalakaua in 1877, and from that time took a deep interest in the political projects of the king, sympathizing with his efforts to aggrandize the crown. The death of the king in 1892 brought her to the throne, where she continued the policy which her brother had inaugurated.

The story of her early life and education in a missionary family is briefly told. Of her musical ability she writes:

"I scarcely remember the days when it would not have been possible for me to write either the words or the music for any occasion on which poetry or song was needed. To compose was as natural to me as to breathe; and this gift of nature, never having been suffered to fall into disuse, remains a source of the greatest consolation to this day. I have never numbered my compositions, but am sure that they must run well up to the hundreds."

The account of her travels through her own realm, the United States, and England on the occasion of the Queen's jubilee, is given with minute detail and the ingenuous pride characteristic of her race. She freely gives the pub-

* HAWAII'S STORY. By Hawaii's Queen, Liliuokalani. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

lic her opinions of the rulers and statesmen of other lands whom she has met.

"Mr. Gladstone has been called 'The Grand Old Man,' yet this thought was strongly emphasized to me also in the presence of Lord Salisbury. He has always appeared to me to be the greater man of the two. If his rule has been less popular and more conservative, it has required no less devoted patriotism and lofty abilities. I attribute the present prosperity of the British Empire very largely to the consummate wisdom and staunch loyalty of Lord Salisbury."

She is quick to recognize with abundant personal mention her royalist friends, and with even greater alertness assails her political opponents with covert allusion and insinuation. Quite naturally, the bitter resentment which she feels against those who now rule her native land colors her estimate of men and their motives; indeed, in speaking of the annexation treaty she says:

"I had prepared biographical sketches and observations upon the mental structure and character of the most interested advocates of this measure. They have not refrained from circulating the most vile and baseless slanders against me; and, as public men, they seemed to me open to public discussion. But my publishers have flatly declined to print this matter, as possibly it might be construed as libellous."

Her animadversions are not, however, confined to recent times and the "missionary party," but revert to good Queen Emma, a rival candidate at the time when the late dynasty in the person of King Kalakaua was placed upon the throne by the legislature. Her bias is evident in the treatment accorded this queen's reputed ancestry, and continues even to the account of her burial.

By reason of the author's deep personal interest in the events narrated, the book cannot be trusted to give a complete and impartial account of recent Hawaiian history, especially of that part concerned with the long struggle between absolutism and constitutional government, between the reactionary influences of the recent dynasty and the progressive tendencies of Anglo-Saxon civilization represented by the element variously known as the American, missionary, and reform party. Take, for example, her account of the election of Kalakaua in 1874. She states that his success was due to his popularity among the natives. This affair is otherwise reported by Alexander, who attributes his election to the active support of the American party, who feared the English sympathies of the rival candidate Queen Emma. The defection in the army and the police, and the riot which followed, are minimized by the queen as "not an expression of the Hawaiian

people; it was merely the madness of a mob incited by disappointed partisans whom the representatives of the people had rebuked." Alexander states that Kalakaua owed his life and his throne to American intervention, and for several years he depended upon the support of the foreign community.

The queen complains that her cabinets were never given the test of experience, that her appointees were invariably voted out by the legislature "for want of confidence" without just cause, and she regrets this unpatriotic action of the legislature; but she neglects to state that this body was overwhelmingly Hawaiian, and that the occasion for these repeated rejections of her appointments was her persistent refusal to appoint men acceptable to the majority. By the constitution of 1887 the cabinet was responsible to the people alone, through the legislature. The queen's refusal to accede to the time-honored English procedure was thus the occasion for this "unpatriotic" action of the people's representatives.

One notes with interest her account of the *Hale Naua*, or Temple of Science, a secret organization of Kahunas or medicine men, whose ritual is a travesty of Masonry mingled with pagan rites. It was founded by Kalakaua, says Alexander, partly as an agency for the revival of heathenism, partly to pander to vice, and indirectly to serve as a political machine. The queen's account is as follows:

"Probably some of its forms had been taken by my brother from the Masonic ritual, and others may have been taken from the old and harmless ceremonies of the ancient people of the Hawaiian Islands, which were then only known to the priests of the highest orders. Under the work of this organization was embraced matters of science known to historians, and recognized by the priests of our ancient times. The society further held some correspondence with similar scientific associations in foreign lands, to whom it communicated its proceedings. The result was some correspondence with those bodies, who officially accepted the theories propounded by the *Hale Naua*; and in recognition of this acceptance medals were sent from abroad to the members highest in rank in the Hawaiian Society."

Her signature to the notorious lottery bill which gave the Louisiana company twenty years' franchise is defended by the ex-queen on the ground that she was compelled to sign it by the "bayonet" constitution, made and enforced by the missionary party, which specifies that the sovereign shall and must sign such measures as the cabinet presents for signature. It is, however, safe to say that she spared no effort, political or personal, to secure, and only after months of contest succeeded in retaining,

a cabinet which would sanction such a bill. The champions of this, and other legislation of similar repute enacted at the same time, were and have been ardent supporters of the queen. She further justifies her action: "We were petitioned and besought to grant it by most of the mercantile class of the city,—shopkeepers, mechanics, manufacturers,—in fact all the middle class of the people." It is hardly necessary to state that the Chamber of Commerce, and the reputable classes of society both native and foreign, were not included with these petitioners for the passage of the lottery bill.

The queen now renounces her abdication, claiming that it was forced from her while a prisoner, by the threat that certain prominent citizens who had taken part in the uprising to restore the monarchy would be immediately put to death if she refused. Furthermore, the name which she was requested to affix to that document was not and never had been her legal signature. She also denies the accuracy of Minister Willis's official reports of his first interview with her looking toward her restoration. She says:

"It was most unfortunate that the American minister should have so misrepresented me, or that I should have so misunderstood him, or that his stenographer (if there was one concealed at that interview) should have blundered, or that I should have been so overburdened by the many aspects of the painful situation as to be ignorant or unconscious of the importance of the precise words read in my presence."

Although, owing to its warped and partial statements, the book has little value as reliable history, it is nevertheless a most important contribution to the literature of the Hawaiian question. It is of interest alike to those who condemn and to those who condone the overthrow of the monarchy, for it gives an authentic revelation of the ex-queen's views of the rights and privileges of a constitutional monarch.

Hawaii emerged from feudal barbarism in the early part of the present century. With Anglo-Saxon help and guidance, an absolute monarchy was established and maintained by the Kamehamehas. In 1840, the first constitution was granted by the king under the advice and direction of his religious teachers. In 1852, a new and liberal constitution, in whose formation the king, the supreme court, and the legislature shared, was ratified by the latter body. This continued in force until 1864, when Prince Lot, the first of the monarchs to show reactionary tendencies, promulgated a new constitution upon his own authority which slightly increased the power of the crown. This

constitution prevailed until 1887, when the abuses and corruption of the government under Kalakaua resulted in an uprising which forced upon the king a new constitution that extended the franchise to foreigners and made the cabinet responsible to the people through the legislature. To this "bayonet" constitution, the queen took the oath of allegiance on her accession to the throne in 1891. Long before we reach the account of her own reign, we have no doubt as to her attitude toward this constitution which had shorn the crown of its prerogatives "which, based upon the ancient custom and the authority of the island chiefs, were the sole guaranty of our nationality." Early in her reign, a movement for a new constitution received her endorsement. In her own words: "I assented to a modification of the existing constitution on the expressed wishes, not only of my own advisers, but of two-thirds of the popular vote, and, I may say it without fear of contradiction, of the entire population of native or half-native birth." The desired modifications were not sought in the method prescribed by law, there was never a plebescite upon the subject, and her constitutional advisers, creatures of her own, to a man implored her not to promulgate the new constitution, and finally in the face of her determination fled from the palace.

She further claims that the right to grant a constitution to the nation has been, since the very first one was granted, a prerogative of the Hawaiian sovereigns; although in the brief period of Hawaiian history there is abundant precedent for other initiative and sanction. The American people will look with interest for the queen's version of the constitution whose attempted promulgation led to her overthrow, but they will look in vain, for the subject is dismissed with a few vague generalities and guarded allusions.

"It is alleged that my proposed constitution was to make such changes as to give to the sovereign more power, and to the cabinet or legislature less, and that only subjects, in distinction from temporary residents, could exercise suffrage. In other words, that I was to restore some of the ancient rights of my people."

This last sentence has a patriotic ring, but read in the light of early Hawaiian history its true character is revealed. The queen has painted a pleasing picture of the life of the ancient chief and his retainers, but Cook, Ellis, and Jarvis have used pigments of a more sombre hue. Under the ancient feudal system the Hawaiian vassal had no rights to property, real or personal; his labor, his home, and his very life itself were

subject to the whim of his chief. The subjection of the legislature, the cabinet, and the supreme court to the sovereign, and the banishment of the Anglo-Saxon from political life, would doubtless have done much to restore the spirit of this primitive time in the queen's realm.

Liliuokalani's appeal to the American people for Hawaiian autonomy is both dignified and pathetic:

"Oh, honest Americans, as Christians hear me for my downtrodden people! Their form of government is as dear to them as yours is precious to you. Quite as warmly as you love your country, so they love theirs. With all your goodly possessions, do not covet the little vineyard of Naboth's, so far from your shores, lest the punishment of Ahab fall upon you, if not in your day, in that of your children, for 'be not deceived, God is not mocked.' The people to whom your fathers told of the living God, and taught to call 'Father,' and whom the sons now seek to despoil and destroy, are crying aloud to him in their time of trouble; and He will keep His promise, and will listen to the voices of His Hawaiian children lamenting for their homes."

CHARLES A. KOFOID.

LIVES OF GREAT PHYSICIANS.*

Of the interesting series of biographies of "Masters of Medicine," three have already issued from the press, and others are yet to come. Briefly yet clearly they set forth the principal events in the lives of the pioneers in medical science. Beginning with Harvey, we are retrograded into the sixteenth century to the days of Elizabeth and the Invincible Armada. During that period of English expansion the future physician was born and began his observation of nature. A few years later we find him, the favorite brother of a whole family of successful London merchants, enjoying all the scholastic advantages that their wealth could procure — attending the lectures of the celebrated Fabricius, professor of anatomy in the University of Padua, laboriously tracing the channels of communication between arteries and veins, and preparing the way for that demonstration of the circulation of the blood which, announced in after years, made his name forever famous in the annals of scientific discovery. Then, early in the seventeenth century, we see the rising doctor, married, settled in London, physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, lecturer on anatomy at the College of Physicians, finally reaching the

exalted position of physician to His Majesty, King Charles the First. Between the learned doctor and his royal patient grew up the utmost confidence and cordial friendship. At the battle of Edgehill, while the king charged upon the foe at the head of his cavaliers, his two little sons, Charles and James, sat with their guardian, Dr. Harvey, in the shade of a hedge upon the brow of the hill that overlooked the field of combat. When the royalists were shut up in Oxford, Merton College was converted into a residence for the queen, and Dr. Harvey was placed in control as master of the college. All through the unhappy conflict between king and parliament, the doctor faithfully followed the fortunes of his sovereign; but when the war was over he returned to the peaceful occupation of his London home, where he passed the remainder of his life, dissecting, lecturing, writing, bestowing of his wealth upon the College of Physicians — a martyr to the gout, yet reaching his eightieth year, and dying without pain after an illness of only a few hours.

In William Harvey we trace the career of a learned physician, the child of fortune, the man of letters. In John Hunter we make acquaintance with a very different type. Born in the year 1728, a Scotchman, wayward, ignorant, quarrelsome, irreligious, in every respect an unsavory person, yet one of the most enthusiastic students of comparative anatomy and physiology that ever lived, he became, through sheer industry and force of character, the founder of scientific surgery in England, and the leading surgeon of his day. The story of his gigantic labors in the formation of the museum upon which out of his professional income he expended no less than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, leaving his family penniless when he died, is one of the most interesting and instructive in the annals of medicine.

In many respects the record of the life of Sir James Simpson forms the most attractive volume of this interesting series. Like Harvey, Dr. Simpson was an educated gentleman who charmed his patients by the fascination of his manners, making of them friends rather than clients. To his experiments was due the introduction of chloroform as an anæsthetic; and through its use in his special line of practice he earned the gratitude of countless mothers all over the world. The story of the discovery of artificial anæsthesia is well told in these pages, and will interest others besides members of the medical profession.

HENRY M. LYMAN.

* MASTERS OF MEDICINE. A series of monographs, edited by Ernest Hart, D.C.L., editor of "The British Medical Journal." I., William Harvey; II., John Hunter; III., Sir James Simpson. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*The Palatines
in America.*

The story of the Puritans as pioneers in New England has been often told. So, too, in a lesser degree, there has been full recognition of the builder work done by Quakers in Pennsylvania and Huguenots in the Carolinas. Now, at last, another group of refugees, similar in character and purpose to Puritan and Quaker and Huguenot, has found its historian. The Rev. Sanford H. Cobb, whose residence at Richfield Springs, New York, has familiarized him with the earlier seats of this people, has made a valuable addition to the record of our Colonial period in his "Story of the Palatines" (Putnam). There are many students of general history who are familiar with the history of the devastation of the Palatinate of the Rhine by the armies of Louis the Fourteenth, yet are ignorant of what that province suffered under its absolutist and bigoted rulers of the next two generations. These Palatine electors emulated that shortsighted French monarch's treatment of the Huguenots, and between 1708 and 1750 drove to a refuge in America over sixty thousand of their best subjects. Many a student of our Civil War who is conversant with the details of that great campaign—beginning in "the Wilderness"—which carried Grant to Richmond, is ignorant that its starting-point, the *Germania* Ford through the Rapidan, took its name from a colony of these exiles for conscience' sake, planted in the wilds of Virginia by Governor Spotswood in 1710. New Berne in North Carolina had become, in the previous year, the seat of another colony from the Palatinate, led by the Swiss gentleman Christopher de Graffenried, of the older Alpine Berne. But the great immigration of the Palatines was into New York and Pennsylvania, beginning in 1708, and occupying first the banks of the Hudson in the vicinity of the present Newburgh, whose name possibly enshrines a remembrance of the princely house of Neuberg which ruled over the Palatinate. But the Palatines were not to find a home on the Hudson, nor in any large numbers even within the colony of New York. Mr. Cobb has well told how the English government, and Governor Hunter, after doing everything possible to bring these afflicted people to a better land in America, turned upon them in their poverty, through disappointment as to economic returns which the environment would not produce, and at last drove them despairing to the Indians on the Mohawk. Even here their sufferings did not cease. The stepfatherly care of the government was made more burdensome by the oppressions of wealthy and influential land-grabbers, and so in 1723 a third pilgrimage brought the far larger number of them to the Susquehanna and the Swatara. Here at last, under the Quakers, was freedom and kindly government; and during the next twenty years that portion of Pennsylvania was planted directly from the Palatinate with thousands of families of sturdy and enterprising farmers—the forefathers of the "Pennsylvania Dutch."

Thus New York lost from her body politic a most valuable element, although enough remained in the original settlements to give America the first apostle of freedom of the press in John Peter Zenger, and to give the next generation that noble soldier of the Oriskany, Nicholas Herkimer. And so she lost Conrad Weiser and Henry Melchior Muhlenburg, and gave to Pennsylvania those other more famous Muhlenburgs, and Zollicoffer, Heintzelman, Siegel, and the Hartranfts. Mr. Cobb has told his story well, and whilst he has done justice to these worthy pioneers, he has not been unmindful of the real merits of Governor Robert Hunter, and of his large services to the commonwealth where he made some sad mistakes.

*Leisure hours in
academic cloisters.*

We have always been inclined to avoid books called "Idle Hours" or "Dozy Hours," just as we avoid newspaper columns called "Saunterings" or "Gossippings." And almost everybody, we imagine, is inclined to avoid an essay on Pepys as instinctively as one avoids pronouncing that gentleman's name. Still, Mr. W. H. Hudson has claims to attention, and thus we were fortunately led to read his "Idle Hours in a Library" (Doxey) with more sympathy than we should have supposed from title or table of contents. All the essays are not on Pepys,—to tell the truth, only one is; nor are all the essays to be read in idle hours; indeed (the author to the contrary, however) we cannot easily regard them as having been written in idle hours. They are descriptive essays, it is true, and descriptive essays, as such, may have been written or may be read in idle hours. But one cannot imagine Mr. Hudson idly noting the points which go to make up the essay on Elizabethan England; nor can we readily think of a person idly reading the essay on Mrs. Manley and Mrs. Behn. But we will stop what may seem little more than quibbling about a title; enough if we make it clear that these essays are not of those discontinuous ramblings, those roundabout perambulations, those familiar idlings, which begin at any subject that comes to mind, or rather that the mind comes to, and wander a happy-go-lucky course at the suggestion of personal association. These essays are "unacademic," it is true; but each puts before the reader a perfectly definite object. They are, we think, different in merit and in interest. The essay on Elizabethan England is the best, for there is the most in it, and it will be read with pleasure by idler and scholar alike. The essay on Mrs. Manley and Mrs. Behn, on the other hand, is not in subject or in treatment such as to attract or hold an idle interest; its real interest is for the student, although it is not put in such form as to be most useful to him. The essays on Pepys and on the Bohemia of Henri Murger are the two which come nearest the implication of the general title. The first almost led us to break a fixed resolve and read the famous diary, and the second made us glad we had already experienced the *Vie de Bohême*. To

tell the truth, essays of this character are very hard to write well,—and even when well written they remind us of the saying of someone to the effect that “at no other period than this were there so many people who wanted to know about books without reading them.” To such readers, certainly, Mr. Hudson does not address his work. Others, we suspect, would appreciate his critical opinions, and would, indeed, value them more highly than his descriptive reports. Mr. Hudson accomplished such good results when he was busy in a library that relatively one regrets that he allows himself the privilege of idling there.

*Some good words
about Style.*

The essay on “Style” which Mr. Walter Raleigh has just published in the form of a slender and tastefully printed volume (Arnold) is one of the most remarkable pieces of critical writing that we have seen for many a day. The author not only has a great many real things to say, but he is also the master of a style of his own that attains high distinction. Rather than amplify these propositions in the usual critical fashion, we prefer to fortify them by such quotations as space allows, persuaded that even within the present narrow limits, the book may be made to give adequate testimony in its own behalf. Here is a typically beautiful passage: “The mind of man is peopled, like some silent city, with a sleeping company of reminiscences, associations, impressions, attitudes, emotions, to be awakened into fierce activity at the touch of words. By one way or other, with a fanfaronnade of the marching trumpets, or stealthily, by noiseless passages and dark posterns, the troop of suggesters enters the citadel, to do its work within. The procession of beautiful sounds that is a poem passes in through the main gate, and forthwith the by-ways resound to the hurry of ghostly feet, until the small company of adventurers is well-nigh lost and overwhelmed in that throng of insurgent spirits.” Again, how fine, and at the same time how weighty, is the passage with which the essay closes: “Write, and after you have attained to some control over the instrument you write yourself down whether you will or no. There is no vice however unconscious, no virtue however shy, no touch of meanness or generosity in your character, that will not pass on to the paper. You anticipate the day of judgment and furnish the recording angel with material. The art of criticism in literature, so often decried and given a subordinate place among the arts, is none other than the art of reading and interpreting these written evidences. Criticism has been popularly opposed to creation, perhaps because the kind of creation that it attempts is rarely achieved, and so the world forgets that the main business of Criticism, after all, is not to legislate, but to raise the dead. Graves, at its command, have waked their sleepers, oped, and let them forth. It is by the creative power of this art that the living man is reconstructed from the litter of blurred and frag-

mentary paper documents that he has left to posterity.” We should not know where to look for a finer comment than this upon the Buffonian text that is so generally misquoted. Nor would it be easier to pack more of truth into a few words than we find in such a passage as this: “No two words ever coincide throughout their whole extent. If sometimes good writers are found adding epithet to epithet for the same quality, and name to name for the same thing, it is because they despair of capturing their meaning at a venture, and so practice to get near it by a maze of approximations.” We must close our extracts somewhere, and select for the purpose this solution of a vexed question: “According as they endeavor to reduce letters to some large haven and abiding-place of civility, or prefer to throw in their lot with the centrifugal tendency and ride on the flying crest of change, are writers dubbed Classic or Romantic.” Who has ever made the distinction more subtly than this, or with choicer turn of phrase? Mr. Raleigh’s essay deserves a place on the shelf by the side of Stevenson, almost by the side of Pater and Arnold.

*“For Greeks
a blush.”*

In view of the recent Græco-Turkish War, Mr. W. Alison Phillips’s “The War of Greek Independence, 1821 to 1833,” is a very timely book. The author confronts the vital problem of the future of the Balkan Peninsula, and asks what aid in its solution can be derived from the history of Greece in this century. One is surprised to find that Mr. Phillips still looks with hope to the Greeks as possible regenerators of the peninsula, for his entire book is a logical refutation of any such conclusion. It represents the Greeks as almost completely destitute of the civic virtues, and even more lacking in the personal ones. Such a vivid portrayal of lying, thieving, murder, outrage, assassination, treason, and at times cowardice, joined with a picturesque sentimentality and the most desperate courage, is almost without a parallel. In cruelty, the Greek far surpassed the Turk; in treachery he was preëminent; and the record of butcheries of men, women, and children, committed after capitulation on promise of personal safety, is revolting. To give one instance out of hundreds, we select the following from an account of the slaughter after Navarino, an account given by a Greek priest: “Women, wounded with musket balls, rushed into the sea, seeking to escape, and were deliberately shot. Mothers, robbed of their clothes, with infants in their arms, plunged in the water to conceal themselves from shame, and were then made a mark for inhuman riflemen. Greeks seized infants from their mothers’ breasts and dashed them against the rocks. Children, three or four years old, were hurled living into the sea, and left to drown” (page 59). After this catalogue of horrors, the author adds: “The other atrocities of the Greeks, however, paled before the awful scenes which followed the storming of Tripolitza.” The writer informs us that the Turks, on the contrary,

were seldom guilty of such outrages. The Greeks, not satisfied with butchering the enemy, were a scourge to their own countrymen; and if neither Turk nor peasant was at hand, these famous warriors fought with each other. In fact, they did this in season and out of season, from the beginning to the end of the war. The decades that have passed since the struggle for independence do not seem to have improved the character of the Greek, if we may be permitted to judge from the events of the last war. It seems, therefore, that we are justified in surrendering a hope which never had a rational basis, the hope that with the Greek lies the welfare of the Balkan peninsula. This does not mean that the Turk is fitted to secure it. Against that, the centuries have decided irrevocably. The Turk is, indeed, just, moderate, and tolerant; but he is a failure as an administrator, and his religion stands in the way of progress. Consequently, the question is as far from solution as ever. Mr. Phillips has consulted the best and most recent authorities, he writes in a delightfully clear and interesting fashion, and his accuracy is unimpeachable.

*Pictures of
18th century
Dublin life.*

The two volumes, by Mr. J. Fitzgerald Molloy, entitled "The Romance of the Irish Stage" (Dodd), belong to the class of books whose aim is to bring back actors who long ago strutted and fretted their hours upon the stage. At times we wonder if it would not be wiser to leave the graves of these poor mortals undisturbed. In their lives, these actors, through the characters they impersonated, often made men nobler by some pregnant thought that fell from their lips, but, shorn of the form the dramatist gave them, and made to appear in their own naked selves, their ennobling power vanishes like the tinselled frippery of the theatre before the cold light of day. Only here and there in the course of many years is a great actor born, and when such a man dies, there is, to use Hazlitt's words, "a void produced in society, a gap which requires to be filled up." Let authors, if they will, try to fill up these gaps with their books, but let them remember also that it takes a very great actor to make a gap which it is worth while to fill. If anything will redeem the books before us from the ephemeral existence accorded to most works of the sort, it will in all probability be the vivid and varied picture they give us of the social life in Dublin during the eighteenth century. That was a time when life in the Irish capital ran high; when vast crowds thronged to witness scenes of pomp and circumstance like the arrival of the Viceroy or the procession of the Trades; when men won and lost fortunes on the cock-fighting on Cork Hill; when young sparks about town thought no more of fighting a duel than of drinking a glass of claret; when the narrow streets of the city were filled with routs of hooting children following some malefactor who was being whipped, with coachmen and chairmen fighting for the right of way, with dandies and drunkards swearing and singing coarse

songs and jostling each other about; when robbery stalked abroad at midnight, and beggary was witty and picturesque even in her rags. It is needless to say that a work which reflects and reproduces such scenes as these is worth the reading, and it is this reproduction of the life of the time that made Mr. Molloy's work worth the writing.

*The Campaign
of Sedan.*

It is a difficult matter for one with military training to describe a campaign from a military standpoint and make his details clear to the non-military reader. That this can be done, however, is shown by Mr. George Hooper's "Campaign of Sedan," first published in 1887, and now republished in less expensive form as a volume in "Bohn's Standard Library" (Macmillan). The work contains an excellent statement of the condition of the armies of Prussia and of France previous to the outbreak of war, and emphasizes Prussia's advantage at the outset in that she could quickly mobilize her troops. The language is simple yet forcible, and the story of the war itself is so well told that interest is sustained throughout; while the maps, both of the general field of the war and of particular battles, make it possible to follow, step by step, the progress of the campaign. The book ends with the battle of Sedan. The introductory chapter, and the succeeding one on the causes of the war, while presented in an entertaining fashion, do not show that accurate historical knowledge which marks the remainder of the book. Thus, on page 10, in a reference to the harmony of Prussian statesmen on the question of war with Austria, the statement is made that the famous ministerial council of February, 1866, was unanimous in the decision for war, when as a fact both Von Bodelschwingh, Minister of Finance, and the Crown Prince of Prussia, spoke and voted against the war. Such points, however, might easily escape the attention of a writer whose chief interest was in military affairs, and do not detract from the real value of the work—the clear exposition of a great military campaign.

*The story of a
musician's life.*

When a master of any art or science or profession takes us into his confidence and tells us the true story of his life, we feel it to be a privilege to listen. In "Marchesi and Music" (Harper) this service is rendered by the most famous of living teachers of the art of singing. In her forty-one years of professional life, Madame Marchesi has known nearly every prominent musician of the period, either as friend or as instructor. Consequently the book is full of most entertaining and instructive reminiscence of famous persons, ranging from Nicolai and Mendelssohn (under whose auspices she made her first important appearance before the public) to Massenet, Verdi, Ambroise Thomas, Humperdinck, and other living composers. And side by side with these anecdotes of celebrities, these records of artistic triumphs and brilliant public events, runs a pleasing

thread of personal narrative, showing the "true-womanly" side of the illustrious head of the *Ecole Marchesi*. The glimpses of everyday life, with its early struggles against poverty, its thwarted aims, its griefs in the loss of beloved children, its simple fireside pleasures, and its domestic companionship, are as well worth noting as the more striking incidents. Thus the book has an interest for others beside musicians, and furnishes an excellent commentary on the words which Madame Marchesi announces as her "motto,"—"Faith, Labor, and Perseverence."

BRIEFER MENTION.

Volume XI. of "Book Prices Current," published in London by Mr. Elliot Stock, covers the auction sales of the year ending last November. The volume is larger than its predecessors, being augmented by extensive indexes, as well as by the catalogue notes demanded by the unusual number of scarce and valuable books (especially in the Ashburnham collection) sold during the year. The number of lots catalogued is 37,358, and the amount realized was £100,259, a far higher average price than is recorded for any previous year of the publication. Mr. J. H. Slater is the compiler of the work, and gives us the comforting assurance that in book-buying "just at present there is no great mania to enlarge upon."

That noteworthy series of monographs issued under the name of "The Portfolio" has long occupied a unique and enviable position among art periodicals. In the literary excellence of its text, and the beauty of its illustrations and mechanical make-up, it is unsurpassed. The latest issue is an interesting and scholarly essay on Peter Paul Rubens, by Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, author of the monograph on Velazquez, previously published in the same series. The illustrations accompanying Mr. Stevenson's text consist of two finely-executed photogravures and thirty-two plates printed in sepia and black and white. "The Portfolio" is published in this country by the Macmillan Co.

A volume on "Astronomy" is contributed to the "Concise Knowledge Library" (Appleton) by the collaboration of Miss Agnes M. Clerke with Mr. A. Fowler and Mr. J. Ellard Gore. There are nearly six hundred pages, illustrated, in this "popular synopsis of astronomical knowledge to date," and the text is unusually readable. In this connection we may also mention "A New Astronomy for Beginners" (American Book Co.), a high school text-book by Professor David P. Todd. The author has had the laboratory (not the observatory) constantly in mind during the preparation of this book, and emphasizes throughout the physical aspects of the science.

Encouraged, probably, by the success of their excellent "Illustrated English Library," Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have begun the publication of a new series on somewhat similar lines, which they inaugurate with George Borrow's "Lavengro." The type used in this "New Library," as it is called, is handsome and readable, the paper of a good quality, the presswork well done, and the binding, although somewhat inartistic, is stout and durable. These strong points, combined with the popular price of one dollar per volume, should make the series a success.

LITERARY NOTES.

The "History of the Indian Mutiny," by Mr. T. Rice Holmes, first published in 1883, is now issued by the Macmillan Co. in a new (fifth) edition, thoroughly revised, and extended to a thick volume of nearly seven hundred pages.

Turgot's "Reflections on the Formation and the Distribution of Riches," translated and edited (we presume) by Professor Ashley, is published as an "Economic Classic" by the Macmillan Co. The original of this work is dated 1770.

"The Diplomatic Relations between Cromwell and Charles X. Gustavus of Sweden" is the title of a doctoral dissertation offered at Heidelberg by Mr. Guernsey Jones, and now published in pamphlet form by the State Journal Co., Lincoln, Nebraska.

The Christian Literature Co. are the publishers of an American edition (two volumes in one) of Professor Max Müller's translation of the twelve classical Upanishads, hitherto known as forming a part of the series called "Sacred Books of the East."

"The Bible References of John Ruskin," compiled by Misses Mary and Ellen Gibbs, is a recent publication of the Oxford University Press. The work has been done with both intelligence and conscience, and the book is one that both Ruskinians and Bible students will find useful.

Mr. Henry Sweet's "First Steps in Anglo-Saxon," published by the Oxford University Press, is an even more elementary book than the "Anglo-Saxon Primer" of the same author. An extremely simplified grammar, some forty pages of text for reading, and as many pages of notes, make up the contents of this little book.

"The Artist," one of the best of English art periodicals, has recently extended its material and scope, and now appears in greatly enlarged form. The March issue contains a number of interesting articles, all of which are profusely illustrated. Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co. of London are the publishers of "The Artist."

We have already spoken of the first two sections of the bibliography of "Elizabethan Translations from the Italian" prepared by Miss Mary Augusta Scott, and published by the Modern Language Association of America. A third section of this work, including 111 titles of "miscellaneous translations," has just been issued, leaving but one more to appear.

The James Russell Lowell memorial park is in danger. Of the \$35,000 needed for the purchase of the Elmwood estate only about two-thirds has thus far been subscribed. The time of purchase has been extended to May 1, but if the fund is not made up by that date, the trustees will be forced to cut up the land into building lots, and the opportunity to secure Elmwood for public purposes will have been lost.

The "Christmas Books," in one thick volume, and "The Old Curiosity Shop," in two of less generous dimensions, are now added to the "Gadshill" edition of Dickens, edited by Mr. Andrew Lang, and imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. From the same importers we also have Volumes III. and IV. of "Frederick the Great," in the dignified "Centenary" edition of the works of Thomas Carlyle.

James Payn, born in 1830, died a few days ago. He has been for half a century an unwearying literary worker, producing novels, essays, and miscellaneous journalism, in great profusion; and will be remembered not for any one distinctive achievement, but rather for

the varied entertainment that he has provided for two generations of readers. A genial temperament, much knowledge and industry, an agile fancy, and a wide acquaintance with men and affairs, all combined to make his work acceptable without bestowing upon it the least measure of enduring quality. He will be missed and mourned by a host of readers in both England and America.

The "Temple" edition of the Waverley novels, imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, is well under way, thirteen of the forty-eight volumes being now ready. In addition to the two volumes of "Waverley," published some time ago, we have lately received "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Rob Roy," "Old Mortality," and "The Heart of Midlothian," each in two volumes; and "The Black Dwarf," in one volume. It would certainly be difficult to say wherein this dainty little edition could be improved.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

April, 1898.

Adequate, Problem of the. *Dial*.
 Alleghanias, A Nook in the. Bradford Torrey. *Atlantic*.
 Alps, Over the, on a Bicycle. Elizabeth R. Pennell. *Century*.
 American Alderobot, Plea for an. James Parker. *Harper*.
 Antwerp, An Artist in. G. R. Fletcher. *Pall Mall*.
 Appomattox, Surrender at. Gen. Geo. A. Forsyth. *Harper*.
 Ashburnham Collection, Story of. Herbert Putnam. *Atlantic*.
 Baechylides. J. Irving Manatt. *Review of Reviews*.
 Birds and Fishes, Migratory Habits of. W. K. Brooks. *Pop. Sci.*
 Björnson and Ibsen, Recollections of. W. H. Schofield. *Atlan.*
 Brain, Byways of the. Andrew Wilson. *Harper*.
 Cavalry Tactics on the Plains. Frederic Remington. *Harper*.
 Culture-Epoch Theory, The. *Educational Review*.
 Cycling in Europe. Joseph Pennell. *Harper*.
 Drama, Conventions of the. Brander Matthews. *Scribner*.
 England and Germany. Sidney Whitman. *Harper*.
 English, The Teaching of. Mark H. Liddell. *Atlantic*.
 Evolution and Theology. J. A. Zahm. *Popular Science*.
 Federal Railway Regulation. Henry C. Adams. *Atlantic*.
 Fellabeen, An Artist among the. R. T. Kelly. *Century*.
 Florida Farm, A. F. Whitmore. *Atlantic*.
 France: The Study of a Nation. *Dial*.
 George, Henry, and his Final Work. O. T. Morton. *Dial*.
 Germany, Political. Theodor Barth. *Review of Reviews*.
 Gold-Region in Mexico, The Newly-Discovered. *Rev. of Rev.*
 Gordon Highlanders, Deeds of the. *McClure*.
 Grant and Ward Failure, The. Hamlin Garland. *McClure*.
 Greek Tragedians, The. Thomas D. Good II. *Atlantic*.
 Hawaii's Queen, Story of. C. A. Kofoid. *Dial*.
 History-Teaching, English Sources for. *Educational Review*.
 History-Teaching, Practical Methods of. *Educational Review*.
 Indian Frontier War, The. Fred P. Gibbon. *Pall Mall*.
 Industrial Object Lesson, An. S. N. D. North. *Pop. Science*.
 Ironclads, Fights between. Theodore Roosevelt. *Century*.
 Jerusalem, Five Weeks in. Lady Beresford-Hope. *Pall Mall*.
 Kennington Palace. Sir Walter Beaunt. *Pall Mall*.
 Letreis, Brittany. Cecilia Waern. *Scribner*.
 Lincoln, Recollections of. C. A. Dana. *McClure*.
 Nassau, A Spring Visit to. *Popular Science*.
 Panama Canal, Commercial Aspects of the. *Harper*.
 Pharos of Alexandria, The. Benj. Ide Wheeler. *Century*.
 Physicians, Great, Lives of. Henry M. Lyman. *Dial*.
 Poetry. Charles Leonard Moore. *Dial*.
 Railway Traveling, Comfort in. G. A. Sekon. *Pall Mall*.
 Rufford Abbey. Lord Savile. *Pall Mall*.
 Satellites, Evolution of. George H. Darwin. *Atlantic*.
 Sea Fight, A Famous. Claude H. Wetmore. *Century*.
 University Study at Berlin and Oxford. *Educational Review*.
 Water Power, Electric Transmission of. *Popular Science*.
 Wheat, The Question of. W. C. Ford. *Popular Science*.
 Yellowstone National Park, The. John Muir. *Atlantic*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 152 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

GENERAL LITERATURE.

William Shakespeare: A Critical Study. By George Brandes; trans. from the Norwegian by William Archer, Miss Mary Morison, and Miss Diana White. In 2 vols., large 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Macmillan Co. Boxed, \$8. net.
 The Letters of Victor Hugo, from Exile and after the Fall of the Empire. Edited by Paul Meurice. Second series; 8vo, gilt top, pp. 249. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3.
 Tourguéneff and his French Circle: A Series of Letters. Edited by E. Halperine-Kaminsky; trans. by Ethel M. Arnold. 12mo, pp. 302. Henry Holt & Co. \$2.50.
 A Literary History of India. By R. W. Frazer, LL.B. With frontispiece, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 470. "Library of Literary History." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.
 Forty Years of Oratory: Lectures, Addresses, and Speeches of Daniel Wolsey Voorhees. Compiled and edited by his three sons and his daughter, Harriet Cecilia Voorhees; with a sketch of his life by Judge Thomas B. Long. In 2 vols., illus., large 8vo. Bowen-Merrill Co. Boxed, \$6.
 Emerson, and Other Essays. By John Jay Chapman. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 247. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
 Allegories. By Frederic W. Farrar. Illus., 12mo, gilt edges, pp. 365. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.
 Elements of Literary Criticism. By Charles F. Johnson. 12mo, pp. 288. Harper & Brothers. 80 cts.
 A View of the Views about Hamlet. By Albert H. Tolman. 8vo, pp. 30. Baltimore: Modern Language Ass'n of America. Paper.
 Treasure Trove: Forty Famous Poems. Compiled by William S. Lord. 12mo, pp. 32. Evanston, Ill.: The Index Co. Paper, 10 cts.

HISTORY.

Drake and the Tudor Navy, with a History of the Rise of England as a Maritime Power. By Julian S. Corbett. In 2 vols., illus., 8vo, uncut. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$10.
 The Building of the British Empire: The Story of England's Growth from Elizabeth to Victoria. By Alfred Thomas Story. In 2 vols., illus., 12mo. "Story of the Nations." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.
 The History of Greece from its Commencement to the Close of the Independence of the Greek Nation. By Adolf Holm; trans. from the German by Frederick Clarke. Vol. IV., completing the work; 12mo, gilt top, pp. 636. Macmillan Co. \$2.50 net.
 A History of the Indian Mutiny and of the Disturbances which Accompanied it among the Civil Population. By T. Rice Holmes. Fifth edition, revised and enlarged; with maps, 8vo, uncut, pp. 639. Macmillan Co. \$3.50.
 Law and Politics in the Middle Ages. With a synoptic table of sources. By Edward Jenks, M.A. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 352. Henry Holt & Co. \$2.75.
 Modern France, 1789-1895. By André Lebou. 12mo, pp. 488. "Story of the Nations." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
 How the Dutch Came to Manhattan. Penned and pictured by Blanche McManus. 8vo, uncut, pp. 82. "Colonial Monographs." E. R. Herrick & Co. \$1.25.
 The Diplomatic Relations between Cromwell and Charles X. Gustavus of Sweden. By Guernsey Jones. 8vo, pp. 89. Lincoln, Nebr.: State Journal Co. Paper.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

My Life in Two Hemispheres. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. In 2 vols., with portrait, large 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Macmillan Co. \$8.
 The Two Duchesses: Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire. Edited by Vere Foster. With portraits, large 8vo, uncut, pp. 497. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$6.
 Memoirs of a Highland Lady: The Autobiography of Elizabeth Grant of Rothiemurchus, afterwards Mrs. Smith of Baltboya, 1797-1830. Edited by Lady Strachey. Large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 495. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$3.50.
 Pasteur. By Percy Frankland, Ph.D., and Mrs. Percy Frankland. With portraits, 12mo, pp. 224. "Century Science Series." Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

Led On, Step by Step: Scenes from Clerical, Military, Educational, and Plantation Life in the South, 1828-1898; an Autobiography. By A. Toomer Porter, D.D. With portrait, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 462. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

"Famous Scots" Series. New vols.: James Thomson, by William Bayne; Robert Fergusson, by A. B. Grosart. Each 16mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. Per vol., 75 cts. John Wesley as a Social Reformer. By D. D. Thompson. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 111. Eaton & Mains. 50 cts.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The "Variorum" Shakespeare. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Vol. XI., The Winter's Tale. Large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 432. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$4.

The Works of Chaucer, "Globe" edition. Edited by Alfred W. Pollard, H. Frank Heath, Mark H. Liddell, and W. S. McCormick. 12mo, uncut, pp. 772. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus to Himself: An English Translation, with Introductory Study on Stoicism and the Last of the Stoics. By Gerald H. Rendall, M.A. 12mo, uncut, pp. 341. Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

The Waverley Novels, "Temple" edition. New vols.: Guy Mannering, 2 vols.; The Antiquary, 2 vols.; Rob Roy, 2 vols.; The Black Dwarf, 1 vol.; Old Mortality, 2 vols. Each with frontispiece, 24mo, gilt top. Charles Scribner's Sons. Per vol., 80 cts.

The Poetry of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Richard Garnett, C.B. With portrait, 18mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 318. "Muses' Library." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

The First Part of the Tragedy of Faust in English. By Thomas E. Webb, LL.D. New edition, with "The Death of Faust," from the second part. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 296. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.

The Works of Horace Rendered into English Prose. With Life, Introduction, and Notes. By William Coult, M.A. 12mo, uncut, pp. 240. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.75.

The Rise of the Dutch Republic. By John Lothrop Motley. Condensed, with Introduction and Notes, and an Historical Sketch of the Dutch People from 1584 to 1897, by William Elliot Griffiths. Illus., 8vo, pp. 943. Harper & Brothers. \$1.75.

Works of Charles Dickens, "Gadshill" edition. New vols.: Christmas Books, 1 vol.; The Old Curiosity Shop, 2 vols. Each illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut. Charles Scribner's Sons. Per vol., \$1.50.

Works of Thomas Carlyle, "Centenary" edition. New vols.: History of Frederick the Great, Vols. III. and IV. Each with portraits, 8vo, uncut. Charles Scribner's Sons. Per vol., \$1.25.

Romances of Alexandre Dumas, New Series. New vols.: Sylvandire, 1 vol.; The Brigand, and Blanche de Beaulieu, 1 vol. Each illus., 12mo, gilt top. Little, Brown, & Co. Per vol., \$1.50.

The Caxtons: A Family Picture. By Lord Lytton; illus. by Chris. Hammond. 12mo, uncut, pp. 472. "Illustrated English Library." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.

Lavengro. By George Borrow. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 532. "New Library." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.

Turgot's Reflections on the Formation and Distribution of Riches. 16mo, pp. 112. "Economic Classics." Macmillan Co. 75 cts.

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Schwester Anna: A Tale of German Home Life. By Felicia Buttz Clark. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 242. Eaton & Mains. 90 cts.

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In His Steps; or, "What Would Jesus Do?" By Charles M. Sheldon. 12mo, pp. 282. Chicago: Advance Publishing Co. 75 cts.; paper, 25 cts.

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- Cumulative Index to Periodicals, Second Annual Volume, 1897.** Large 8vo, pp. 635. Cleveland, Ohio, Public Library.
- Hazell's Annual for 1898: A Cyclopaedic Record of Men and Topics of the Day.** Edited by W. Palmer, B.A. 12mo, pp. 690. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

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